Two Approved Ways of Making Love

A Couple of Young Heroes, Copperfield and Richard Feveral, Fall Victims to the Delightful, the Inevitable Feminine Charm

LAST Thursday and next Tuesday are the anniversaries of the births of two almost contemporary British novelists, Charles Dickens and George Meredith. Dickens was born on February 7, 1812, and died June 9, 1870. Meredith was born on February 12, 1828, and died May 18, 1909. Both belong to the "immortals," Dickens by virtue of the autobiographic "David Copperfield" and "Great Expectations," of "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Martin Chuzzlewit"; Meredith because of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Diana of the Crossways," "The Egoist," "Rhoda Fleming" and his volume of poems entitled "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside."

These two novelists are of practically the same period, yet Meredith has in him much more of the "modern." There is no ground on which to compare them; they can only be contrasted. An interesting basis of contrast is offered in the following parallel passages, which depict declarations of young love, the one from "David Copperfield" and the other from "Richard Feverel":

The Dickens Way

I BEGAN to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"I hope your poor horse was not tired when you got home at night," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him."

I began to think I would do it to-day.

"It was a long way for him," said I, "for he had nothing to uphold him on the journey."

"Wasn't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Ye—yes," I answered, "he was well taken care of. I mean he had not the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near you."

Dora bent her head over her drawing, and said after a little while—I had sat in the interval in a burning fever and with my legs in a very rigid state:

"You didn't seem to be sensible of that happiness yourself at one time of the day."

I saw now that I was in for it, and it must be done on the spot.

"You didn't care for that happiness in the least," said Dora, slightly raising her eyebrows and shaking her head, "when you were sitting by Miss Kitt."

Kitt, I should observe, was the name of the creature in pink with the little eyes.

"Though certainly I don't know why you should," said Dora, "or why you should call it happiness at all. But, of course, you don't mean what you say. And I am sure no one doubts your being at liberty to do whatever you like. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I don't know how I did it. I did it in a moment. I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolized and worshipped her. Jip barked madly all the time.

When Dora hung her head and cried and trembled my eloquence increased so much the more. If she would like me to die for her she had but to say the word and I was ready. Life without Dora's love was not a thing to have on any terms. I couldn't bear it, and wouldn't. I had loved her every minute, day and night, since I first saw her. I loved her at that minute to distraction. I should always love her, every minute, to distraction. Lovers had loved before and lovers would love again, but no lover had ever loved—might, could, would, or should ever love—as I loved Dora. The more I raved the more Jip barked. Each of us, in his own way, got more mad every moment.

Well, well! Dora and I were sitting on the sofa by and by, quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap, winking peacefully at me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapture. Dora and I were engaged.

What an idle time it was! What an unsubstantial, happy, foolish time it was!

When I measured Dora's finger for a ring that was to be made of forget-me-nots, and when the jeweller to whom I took the measure found me out and laughed over his order book and charged me anything he liked for the pretty little toy with its blue stones, so associated in my remembrance with Dora's hand that yesterday when I saw such another by chance on the finger of my own daughter there was a momentary stirring in my heart like pain.

When I walked about, exalted with my secret and full of my own interest, and felt the dignity of loving Dora and of being beloved so much that if I had walked the air I could not have been more above the people not so situated who were creeping on the earth.

The Meredith Way

HE CALLS her by her name, Lucy, and she, blushing at her great boldness, has called him by his, Richard. Those two names are the keynotes of the wonderful harmonies the angels sing aloft.

"Lucy! My beloved!"

"Oh, Richard!"

Out in the world there, on the skirts of the woodland, a sheep-boy pipes to meditative eve on a penny whistle.

Love's musical instrument is as old, and as poor; it has but two stops; and yet, you see, the cunning musician does thus much with it!

Other speech they have little; light foam playing upon waves of feeling, and of feeling compact, that bursts only when the sweeping volume is too wild, and is no more than their sigh of tenderness spoken.

Perhaps love played his tune so well because their natures had unblunted edges and were keen for bliss, confiding in it as natural food. To gentlemen and ladies he fine-draws upon the viol, ravishingly; or blows into the mellow bassoon; or rouses the heroic ardours of the trumpet; or, it may be, commands the whole Orchestra for them. And they are pleased. He is still the cunning musician. They languish, and taste ecstasy; but it is, however sonorous, an earthly concert. For them the spheres move not to two notes. They have lost, or forfeited and never known, the first supersensual spring of the ripe senses into passion; when they carry the soul with them, and have the privileges of spirits to walk disembodied, boundlessly to feel. Or one has it, and the other is a dead body. Ambrosia let them eat, and drink the nectar: here sit a couple to whom Love's simple bread and water is a finer feast.

Pipe, happy sheep-boy, Love! Irradiated angels, unfold your wings and lift your voices!

They have outflown philosophy. Their instinct has shot beyond the ken of science. They were made for their Eden.

"And this divine gift was in store for me!"

So runs the internal outcry of each, clasping each: it is their recurring refrain to the harmonies. How it illumined the years gone by and suffused the living Future!

"You for me: I for you!"

"We are born for each other!"

They believe that the angels have been busy about them from their cradles. The celestial hosts have worthily striven to bring them together. And, O victory! O wonder! after toil and pain, and difficulties exceeding, the celestial hosts have succeeded!

"Here we two sit who are written above as one."

Pipe, happy Love! pipe on to these dear innocents!

The tide of colour has ebbed from the upper sky. In the west the sea of sunken fire draws back; and the stars leap forth, and tremble, and retire before the advancing moon, who slips the silver train of cloud from her shoulders, and, with her foot upon the pine-tops, surveys heaven.

"Lucy, did you never dream of meeting me?"

"O Richard! yes; for I remembered you."

"Lucy! and did you pray that we might meet?"

"I did!"

Young as when she looked upon the lovers in Paradise, the fair Immortal journeys onward. Fronting her, it is not night, but veiled day. Full half the sky is flushed. Not darkness, not day, but the nuptials of the two.

"My own! my own forever! You are pledged to me? Whisper!"

He hears the delicious music.

"And you are mine?"

A soft beam travels to the fern-covert under the pine-wood where they sit, and for answer he has her eyes: turned to him an instant, timidly fluttering over the depths of his, and then downcast; for through her eyes her soul is naked to him.

"Lucy! my bride! my life!"

The night-jar spins his dark monotony on the branch of the pine. The soft beam travels round them, and listens to their hearts. Their lips are locked.

Bryson Burroughs Goes Back to Classic Legends

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood — *By Bryson Burroughs*

THE last week has seen an increase in good things to view at the picture galleries, and choice of any one subject is difficult. Perhaps as interesting as any is the exhibit of eighteen paintings by Bryson Burroughs at the Montross Galleries.

When Mr. Burroughs first exhibited in New York, three years ago, writes Royal Cortissoz in The New York Tribune, there was "stiffness in his drawing and modelling, there was hardness in his surfaces, there was coldness in his color. And yet he took us captive." Now, continues this critic, "he is even more compelling." To be sure—

"the old technical foibles are there, but they are less insistent upon getting between us and the true substance of this artist's work. Is it that in the short space of two or three years he has heightened his proficiency as a craftsman? Yes, in some measure. His surfaces seem now a little finer, his handling a shade less turgid.

"Yet it is not in the mint and cummin of technique that we note the decisive progress he has made. It is rather in that indefinable power which distinguishes the creative artist from the mediocrity, and, as sometimes happens, justifies him where mediocrity is bound to fail."

Three influences are to be noted in Mr. Burroughs's work, in the opinion of E. W. Powell, writing in "The New York Evening Mail." These are the Persian influence, that of Puvis de Chavannes and something of the Pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Powell writes:

"That these influences are obvious does not imply that Mr. Burroughs is not rarely personal. Above all, he is a poet with a love of the classical and a predominating decorative sense. Much of the work, therefore, is mural in both subject and treatment, while the rest of it may be called more or less mural in treatment only, the subject being intimate and present day rather than heroic or legendary."

"His art recalls to us a gentle music of bygone days," adds the critic of "The New York Globe," who continues:

"We find the æstheticism of the Pre-Raphaelite painters and subjects drawn from the classic legends of Greece. . . .

"The tendency of the times is to disregard classic themes, but this exhibition emphasizes the significance of ancient history and legends which show the tragedy of this present age to be but a repetition of the past. . . .

"Throughout the artist's work there is a marked decorative sense, which would lend itself to large composition, and this sense is not rare among our painters; but for some unknown reason the empty wall spaces of our public buildings remain unfilled and our artists continue to paint easel pictures, though capable of much broader effort."

To Mr. Guy Pene du Bois, writing in "The New York Evening Post," Mr. Burroughs's work brings back, "with modern modifications, the glory that was Greece":

"Amid his eighteen pictures at the Montross Gallery we shall find as much of Puvis de Chavannes as of Greece. Puvis, anyway, like Ingres, is one of the beads strung on the classic thread. He is an intellectual manifestation of enough resource to recognize the force of archaic forms. Mr. Burroughs's 'The Sailors' will remind of the fisherman by Puvis in the gallery of the Luxembourg, remind of it in technique rather than in spirit. The Puvis used to be known among students of my time as 'Le Pauvre Pêcheur.' There is no copy of it here. The fisherman's wife and child may have been in the boat with him. It was a poor boat. He stood up in it—a lean, gaunt and hopeless figure. Behind him were generations of primitive peoples quite as dumb as beasts. Mr. Burroughs's sailors are lifting a boat into the surf. The boat is decorated with a Greek fret. It is an artistic boat, which leads us at once to suppose that the men handling it were of a happier strain of fishermen or of sailors. They had time for art, therefore life could not have been too great a burden; they could appreciate beauty, thus they must have felt moments of joy."

The art critic of "The New York World" remarks that Mr. Burroughs's work has always been individual, and that "his personal predilections and methods have been unaffected":

"In his art he is above all an idealist, and he brings a highly trained technique to the composition of the most delicate and dainty inventions. It probably would not matter where he set his easel for a subject, because any scenic background can be applied to his uses, changed or modified as he likes, and then supplied with figures and accessories to suit his fancy, the product becoming a clear derivative of artistic imagination, expressed in classic terms. The work suggests that of Puvis de Chavannes, whom, doubtless, he greatly admires, but the simplicity and cheerful atmosphere of it and its singular charm are distinctive and personal, and the canvases take high rank in decorative creation."

The critic for "The New York Sun" muses somewhat whimsically over the matter of morality. "The moralities," he decides, "have been observed," but he adds in a qualifying parenthesis:

"The writer, not a specialist upon this point, believes them to have been strictly observed. At any rate, in the doubtful instances of the 'Consolation of Ariadne' and the 'Porter and the Ladies of Bagdad' it is possible for the pure at heart to take an optimistic view of the trifling irregularity of the proceedings."

Some of Last Week's More Notable Exhibits at New York's Galleries

French Government loan exhibit, Brooklyn Museum.
Clyde Fitch collection, American Art Association.
Ernest Lawson, paintings, Daniel Galleries.
Anders Zorn, etchings, and Leon Kroll, paintings, Knoedler's.
African negro sculpture, Modern Gallery.
George Luks, oils and water colors, Kraushaar Galleries.
Architectural League exhibit, Fine Arts Building.
French art, Gothic period to Regence, Museum of French Art.
"Following the Flag in Art," American Sculpture, Gorham Gallery.
Bryson Burroughs, paintings, Montross Galleries.

The "Electra" of Sophocles

Margaret Anglin, under the auspices of the New York Symphony Society, presented last Wednesday afternoon at Carnegie Hall the "Electra" of Sophocles. Special music by Walter Damrosch was played by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the composer's baton.

THE story of "Electra" is familiar, having been treated by all three of the great tragedians of Greece and frequently by modern authors. Æschylus treats the story in a more impersonal fashion and gives little weight to the character of Electra. Euripides "stars" Electra and treats her in a highly human and emotional fashion. Sophocles strikes the mean between these extremes, showing Electra as the chief figure in a great epic drama of evil and bloody deeds. Electra is presented as a princess in disgrace in the palace of her mother, Clytemnestra. For years she has brooded over the crime by which her mother killed her husband Agamemnon on his return from the Trojan war and married the interloper, Ægisthos. To her this is a fatal stain on the family honor and must be wiped out in blood. Year after year she has waited for the return of her brother Orestes from a far country, confident that he will accomplish the deed.

At the opening of the play Orestes, with his friend Pylades, has already returned, but this Electra does not know. In her first scene she gives vent to the emotions that have been long weighing on her soul:

Ah! him I wait for with unwearied hope,
But he, alas! forgets
All he has met with, all that I had taught—
What message goes from me
That is not mocked? For still he yearns to come,
And yet he deigneth not,
Yearn though he may, to show himself to us.

And yet the larger portion of my life
Is gone without a hope,
And I am all too weak,
Who waste away in orphaned loneliness,
Whom no dear husband loves,
But alien, like a slave within the house
I do my task unmeet.
I tend the chambers where my father dwelt,
In this unseemly guise,
And stand at tables all too poorly filled.

ELECTRA appeals to her weak-willed sister for sympathy and aid in her projected revenge. But Chrysothemis, though expressing sympathy, refrains from doing anything which might injure her position in the palace. Clytemnestra, Electra's mother, replies only with scorn when taunted for her evil deeds. An attendant now enters, in accordance with Orestes's plan, to announce the death of the young man in a chariot race in a distant country. His eloquent description of the race forms one of those long rhetorical speeches of which almost every Greek tragedy can show at least one. The news of Orestes's death brings despair to Electra's heart. She urges her sister to join her immediately in her plan of vengeance. Chrysothemis flatly refuses.

Presently Orestes and Electra come face to face, the woman still ignorant of the truth. He gives her an urn which he says contains Orestes's ashes. This she apostrophizes:

O sole memorial of his life whom most
Of all alive I loved! Orestes mine,
With other thoughts I sent thee forth than these
With which I now receive thee. Now, I bear
In these my hands what is but nothingness;
Yet sent thee forth, dear boy, in bloom of youth.
Ah, would that I long since had ceased to live
Before I sent thee to a distant shore,
With these my hands, and saved thee then from death!
Never did she love,
Thy mother, as I loved thee; nor did they
Who dwell within there nurse thee, but 'twas I,
And I was ever called thy sister true;
But now all this has vanished in a day.

Then follows the "recognition scene," on which critics have exhausted a rich vocabulary of praise. Of all such scenes in the ancient drama this is generally accepted as the most pathetic and the most superbly dramatic. The greater part of this expertly managed dialogue follows:

Ores.: Is this Electra's noble form I see?
Elec.: That self-same form, and sad enough its state.
Ores.: Alas! alas! for this sad lot of thine!
Elec.: Surely thou dost not wail, O friend, for me?
Ores.: O form most basely, godlessly misused!
Elec.: Why, in thy care for me, friend, groanest thou?
Ores.: How little knew I of my fortune's ills!
Elec.: What have I said to throw such light on them?
Ores.: Now that I see thee clad with many woes.
Elec.: Know, then, that thou alone dost pity me.
Ores.: For I alone come suffering woes like thine.
Elec.: What? Can it be thou art of kin to us?
Ores.: If these are friendly, I could tell thee more.
Elec.: Friendly are they; thou'lt speak to faithful ones.
Ores.: Put by that urn, that thou mayst hear the whole.
Elec.: Ah, by the Gods, O stranger, ask not that.
Ores.: Do what I bid thee, and thou shalt not err.
Elec.: Nay, by thy beard, of that prize rob me not.
Ores.: I may not have it so.
Elec.: Am I then deemed unworthy of the dead?
Ores.: Of none unworthy. This is nought to thee.
Elec.: Yet if I hold Orestes's body he——
Ores.: 'Tis not Orestes's, save in show of speech.
Elec.: Where, then, is that poor exile's sepulchre?
Ores.: Nay, of the living there's no sepulchre.
Elec.: What sayst thou?
Ores.: No falsehood what I say.
Elec.: And does he live?
Ores.: He lives, if I have life.
Elec.: What? Art thou he?
Ores.: Look thou upon this seal, my father's once, and learn if I speak truth.
Elec.: O blessed light!
Ores.: Most blessed, I, too, own.
Elec.: O voice! And art thou come?
Ores.: No longer learn thy news from others.
Elec.: And I have thee here, here in my arms.
Ores.: So mayst thou always have me!

Nothing now remains but to accomplish the long planned vengeance. Orestes enters the house, sword in hand, while Electra and the Chorus stand without awaiting news of events. The following dialogue ensues:

Clytem.: Ah! I am smitten.
Elec.: Smite her yet again, if thou hast strength for it.
Clytem.: Ah! Blow on blow!
Elec.: Would that Ægisthos shared them.
Clytem.: My son, my son, have pity on thy mother!
Elec.: Thou hadst none on him, nor on the father that begat him.
Cho.: The curse is now fulfilled. The buried live again; for they who died long since now drain in turn the blood of those that slew them.

Ægisthos now enters, discovers what has happened and shrinks before Orestes's threatening sword. He is killed within the palace. The sword that did the deed is thrown into the courtyard, and Electra seizes it and raises it aloft, exulting, in this final picture of the play, in the supreme fulfilment of her life's passion.

Current War Poetry

Kneeling Children of France

DEAR little sad-eyed children of France,
Once on a time, when the world was gay,
In the streets of Paris you danced and sang.
God grant you again a happy day,
Sad little children of France.

Wan little weary-eyed children of France,
In the streets of Paris you knelt to-day,
Knelt at the sight of a succoring flag,
Knelt in the streets where you used to play,
Heart-broken children of France.

We are thinking to-day of the long ago,
Kneeling children beyond the sea,
When your fathers came, with hearts aflame,
To us, in the name of liberty,
Fatherless children of France.

Fair by the side of the Red, White and Blue
The Stars and the Stripes in your streets are a-blow!
Never so beautiful, now they glow
In the name of that help of the long ago,
Kneeling babies of France.

You knelt in your streets as our flag went by—
Our flag with a glory strangely new.
The stars of heaven gleamed in its folds,
Strewn but to-day in that field of blue,
For you, O children of France!

Dear little war-smitten children of France,
In our hearts is a prayer as the flag goes by—
For the flag we have vowed to a glorious quest,
For the flag aflame on a far-away sky,
For God—and the babies of France.

—Gertrude Robinson, in *Life*

Tommie Sizes Up Sammie

'E'D rawther 'ave 'is coffee than 'is beer,
'E cawn't tyke any pleasure drinkin' tea,
'E calls "Th' Lunnon Times," in langwidge queer,
Official organ—of a cemet'ry.
'E speaks in such a bloomin' funny wye—
'E talks of buddies, side-kicks, mutts and geeks,
But 'e can 'old 'is end up any dye,
And every blinker listens when 'e speaks.

So 'ere's to you, Sammie Wammie, if you'll let me call you so.
It seems jolly strange to 'ear you call a kippy blink a bo,
But no matter wot yer langwidge, and no matter wot you do,
Hi daresay we 'ave some failin's wot seem bloomin' strange to you.

—Detroit Saturday Night

The Merry Opera War Continues

Mary Garden Gives a Marvellous Performance of "Melisande." Galli-Curci Adds to Her Triumph. Melba Returns and a New Tenor Arrives

"IN THESE effervescent days and nights, capped with Vesuvian moments, one does hear singing," observes "The Globe." For example, pursues this same journal, there is Galli-Curci whose singing "is the silver, mystic radiance of the moon." And there is Mary Garden, in whose voice and technique faults are patent, yet before whose mezza voce and phrasing in the second act of "Monna Vanna" one is bidden to bow down. And the voice of Rosa Raisa—"is it the voice of Grisi born again?" Or, "behold Muratore, great actor of the lyric stage, who, as singer, has both voice and style."

Yes, and there is a new tenor, Hipolito Lazaro, introduced to New York by the Metropolitan, and whose initial rôle was the Duke in "Rigoletto." This is a voice which, in the opinion of Max Smith, writing in "The American," rivals that of the famous Alessandro Bonci—"not," he adds, "that Lazaro has as light and delicate and elastic a voice as the other tenor. His tones are larger, fuller and more compelling dramatically. Yet is his voice, with all its firmness and richness of texture, distinctly lyric in character and capable of considerable shading." And "The Journal," which recorded first the fact that the singer "had no difficulty in quite winning his audience," went on to say:

"Mr. Lazaro appears to be a singer with a genuine tenor voice, and unmistakably of the robusto rather than of the lyric classification. It is a voice of not unusual volume, although quite powerful enough to be easily recognizable as of the sort befitting so large a house as the Metropolitan. Mr. Lazaro sang last night with much smoothness of delivery and excellently within the Italian tradition as to style. Natural beauty infused his tones, which contained no 'whiteness,' even at their highest."

THE two companies are now in the heyday of their so-called "opera war." Now, such a war, as The Tribune observed, "may be bloodless, but it is not talkless." And since "talk stirs up interest, and interest flows toward the box office, the operatic impresario ought to welcome all such wars." One phase of this war talk has persistently clung to the as yet uncertain rôle played a couple of years ago by Gatti-Casazza in connection with Galli-Curci and possible contracts. The earlier news that the singer was heard and refused by the Metropolitan having been reported, Charles L. Wagner, her concert manager, now comes forward with this contribution, confided to a representative of "The Sun":

"In 1916, when she was singing in Havana, following her successes in South America, her husband wrote to M. Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera company suggesting an appointment. M. Gatti replied that the Metropolitan did not need a coloratura soprano at that time. There were no further negotiations in that period, and M. Gatti and Mme. Galli-Curci did not meet until recently, when he heard her at the Lexington Opera House."

This non-sanguinary war is keeping the public well supplied with opera, and also appears to be keeping the critics in a state of perpetual hustle. One critic, who lost no time in adapting the phraseology appropriate to combat ("the opera-givers let out an extra hitch in their counter-offensive yesterday," etc.), suggested that—

"the reviewer may, perhaps, be pardoned if his conversion into a Broadway-Lexington Avenue shuttle leaves him a bit bewildered. Opera in New York just now is taking on the effect of an avalanche. The metaphors appear to be almost classically mixed, but the reader will, no doubt, gather that there were three operatic performances in one day at two different places, and that each held sufficient features of the unusual to necessitate some sort of outpouring from the professional commentator."

So it goes. There will be a real lull in the town when the Campanini forces are withdrawn to Boston.

THE event of greatest artistic importance since the last summary appeared in this column seems unquestionably to have been the matinee performance of "Pélléas et Mélisande," in which Mary Garden appeared, reviving "memories of the golden age at the Manhattan Opera House." "Could any living actress, least of all an operatic actress, so move an audience as Miss Garden did yesterday in the fourth act, without uttering a single word?" demanded Sigmund Spaeth in "The Evening Mail. "Or could any one else sustain an atmosphere of pathos through the simple means employed by this extraordinary woman?" While of the music of this strange, compelling work, he said that "it flows along endlessly, subtly, with scarcely a jarring note. If such an actress as Mary Garden were constantly available, 'Pélléas et Mélisande' might easily come to surpass even Wagner in popularity."

The critics appeared to be quite of one mind in estimating the values upon this notable occasion. One wrote of Mary Garden's interpretation that it "showed gain in picturesqueness and in atmospheric value"; another thought it "surpassed all her previous achievements." In "The Times" it was communicated that—

"the most delicate masterpiece of modern music drama, a strange fabric composite of poetry, subtly intoned, and set in mystic pictures, was passed before the eyes and ears and understanding of a great audience of spectators, as if some rare old tapestry of the Middle Ages were unfolded under the hand and skilled appreciation of a connoisseur."

And that—

"Miss Garden's finest portrayal, in a gallery of pictures that no other singing actress can rival, is this one of Maeterlinck's pale, passive heroine; she gayly tossed her wedding ring, dropped it in the forest pool, sat weeping at her husband's bedside, listened vaguely to his brother's wooing, and died in the mediæval twilight with that one remembered glance into the setting sun over her child's cradle."

"The Evening Post" employed the adjectives, "subtle, graceful, dreamy, poetic, pathetic," and added: "How beautiful she looked, with that glorious cataract of hair, which plays such a prominent part in the opera! She sang, too, so far as the composer permitted." "The Brooklyn Eagle" found her performance "more convincing than ever," and observed that "her scene in the garden with Pelleas was scarcely of this world, so evanescent and so weirdly beautiful was it." Grenville Vernon, who, in The Tribune, noted the fact that the other rôles created by Mary Garden are all notably vivacious, found that "in 'Melisande' her natural vigor vanishes into thin air. She is a wraith of wistfulness; her veins are bloodless. Hers is a supreme triumph of art over nature. It marks Miss Garden as an actress of extraordinary imaginative power and technical versatility. She was never more beautiful nor more poetic." This same writer well voiced the prevailing opinion of the work of the other leading artists upon the occasion under comment. It wrote:

"The Golaud of Hector Dufranne was always admirable, and the ten years that have passed since he first gave his conception to us have left it untouched. Jean Perrier is no longer the Pelleas, but in Alfred Maguenat the Chicago company has found a worthy successor. His impersonation was poetic and his diction superb in its clarity. Louise Berat was equally as fine as Genevieve, and Gustave Huberdeau admirable as Arkel. In short, aside from the stiff scenery and poor lighting, the performance reached a more perfect unity than anything the Chicago company has yet offered."

GALLI-CURCI has gone on to fresh triumphs. Her singing in "Lucia," in "Dinorah" again, and in concert on Sunday night at the Hippodrome seems to have deepened the first impression. The public continues to applaud with thunderous fervor, the critics to spend upon her a genuine wealth of enthusiasm—all except the critic of "The Evening Post," who insists that "she does not possess the Melba trill" and that her voice "has not the purity and luscious quality" of the voices of Patti, Melba and Sembrich." "But," he admits, "as a rival of the flute, she once more won a brilliant triumph" in "Lucia." While most of the critics have mentioned what they esteem minor flaws, such as an occasional falter from pitch, only "The Evening Post" has criticised severely. It was even suggested in the editorial columns of that paper that she may have acquired her remarkable staccato by rapidly pronouncing her own name. The other papers find in Galli-Curci an artist whose fame promises to endure. Incidentally, she goes on record with the information that she isn't a suffragist.

This resumé must not be concluded without celebrating the reappearance of Melba as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust." "The Sun," which admitted that "it would be idle to deny that the voice is no longer in its bloom," yet contended that "she sang with all her early authority, with her beautiful quality of tone in many places and with her skill in tone emission." A very human note was struck by "The World," which wrote:

"Many citizens with the best part of their lives behind them pounded their palms for sheer joy—Chauncey M. Depew among them. So Mme. Melba sang on, and to very good effect."

It was called her "silver jubilee."

Nor must mention fail in the case of the brilliant young dramatic soprano, Rosa Raisa, whose Aïda was warmly praised. In one place it was recorded that "such wealth of tone and intensity has not been heard in this city in many years." In another appeared the information that in the "Patria mia" air she "took a high C, and, not content, as other sopranos are, to reach that without mishap, she made a superb crescendo, or 'swell tone,' that fired the house." "The Herald" thinks Mme. Raisa "has the best dramatic soprano voice heard here since Miss Emmy Destinn." Superlatives also greeted her singing of Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana." "Miss Raisa," one critic decided, "was one of the most intensely interesting, not to say compelling, Santuzzas heard here in a long time."

The French singer, Genevieve Vix, regained, to revert to appropriate phraseology, quite a little lost territory in Charpentier's "Louise."

Chesterton as Historian

CHESTERTON'S "Short History of England" continues to be the book most discussed by English reviewers. E. T. Raymond writes entertainingly of it in "Everyman," under the title "A Short Slaughter of Historians," referring thereby to the fact that Chesterton's chief purpose seems to have been to topple over everything that previous historians have written about their country. Raymond regards the present work as "hardly a history," yet as "the most valuable book produced during the war." Instead of being a real history, he considers Chesterton's book "rather a magazine of high explosive denials and a mine of shrewd suggestion." And then comes this witty flash: "I have read the book with infinite content, but I can imagine some honest person buying it as a handy textbook and feeling like that progressive brewer who invested in Kingsley's 'Yeast.'"

The curious fact is pointed out that the book is "a 'history' without a footnote and with one solitary date." Yet Raymond confesses himself to be "all for the Chestertonian method, which is human, against the orthodox method, which is just German."